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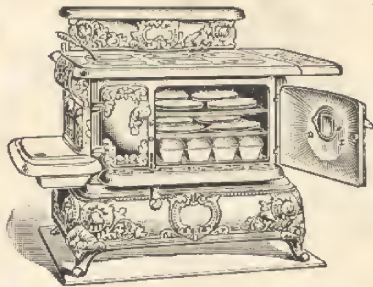


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—Selected.

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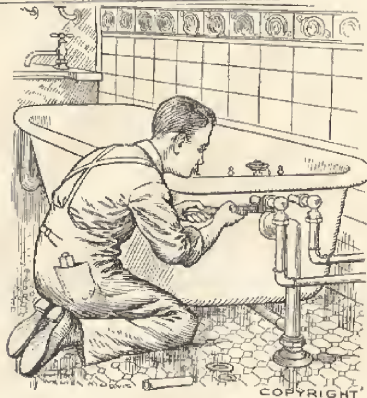
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## THE DIFFERENCE.

In olden times the business man  
His letter thus began:  
"Respected sir, to write a line  
I take my pen in hand."

But in modern times 'tis vastly changed,  
And this is what we see:  
"To write to you, I take, dear sir,  
My typewriter on my knee."  
—Selected.

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ONE of the leading business men of New York speaking before a convention in Philadelphia, referred to the opportunities open to young men stenographers as follows:

"I am certain that I am indulging in no exaggeration when I say that for a bright young man there is no better stepping stone to splendid success known to the world to-day than stenography and typewriting. The male stenographer often begins by working for the head of a firm, or at least the head of a department, and the brains of that business flows through his fingers every day. He becomes permeated with the business and after a time it gets to his head and he sees that it stays there. The man he is working for is promoted and because the stenographer is familiar with the work, he, naturally, is advanced to fill the vacancy. The concern may be one of the largest, nevertheless, the top is within his reach, and in time he reaches it.

I have given you in outline the actual biography of many prominent in the business world to-day. Every one of the following named men, was, at one time, either a stenographer or a typewriter operator:

Hon. George B. Cortelyou,  
Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

Hon. Judson Harmon,  
Ex-Atty. General of the U. S.

Hon. Daniel Lamont,  
Ex-Secretary of War.

Hon. William Mason,  
Senator from Illinois.

Hon. George Hoadley,  
Ex-Governor of Ohio.

Hon. Frank Black,  
Ex-Governor of New York.

Hon. E. P. Hanna,  
Solicitor of Navy Department.

Hon. William Harris,  
Commissioner of Education.

Hon. Charles Matteson,  
Ex-Chief Justice of Rhode Island.

Hon. Jacob Cantor,  
President Borough of Manhattan.

Hon. Lewis Beitler,  
Assistant Secretary State of Penn.

Hon. Ashley Cole,  
Pres. New York State R. R. Commission.

Mr. James Barr,  
President B. & M. R. R. Nebraska.

Mr. A. F. Callahan,  
Vice-Pres. U. S. Pipe and Foundry Co.

Mr. Edward Bok,  
Editor Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. D. L. Tuttle,  
Gen. Man. Phila. & Reading Coal & Iron Co.

Mr. D. McNicoll,  
Gen. Manager Canadian Pacific R. R.

Nineteen other officials of the C. P. R. R. Co., were promoted from shorthand positions. There are hundreds of such cases I could name but I have given enough to afford ample evidence of the fact that the doors of success are wide open to the bright, capable young man who has mastered shorthand and typewriting."

## TAUNTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.

# High School Journal.

TAUNTON, MASS., JUNE 1903.

## STAFF.

GEORGE A. CRANE, - - - Editor.  
EDWARD H. TEMPLE, JR., - - - Manager.

The management embraces this opportunity to thank its many advertisers and contributors who have helped to make this JOURNAL possible.

The Harrington Press. 7 Broadway.

## EDITORIAL.

ONCE again the time has come for a class to leave these halls to battle against the world. But a few days and the class of 1903 will have come together for the last time. And lest they should be too soon forgotten, this record of their short, but pleasant life in the Taunton High School is written. And should it be that some other class should be stimulated to greater exertion by this record, we will feel that this Journal, although written under peculiar circumstances, will not have been written in vain. For the first time, we think, in the history of the school, two papers will appear in the same month, the *STYLUS* and the *JOURNAL*. It is rather unfortunate that such should be the case, for in a school of only five hundred pupils, it is obviously impossible to support two papers. Let us hope that in the future, there may be but one paper in the school at one time; and it seems only fair that the graduating class should be allowed to issue their paper.

The graduating class, the class of 1903, although by no means as large as some former classes have been, may nevertheless look back with pride over the road they have passed. And we have just cause to feel proud, for we feel that we have won the esteem of our teachers, as well as of the other classes. We do not mean by this that we have been a model class, and we hope that coming classes may be far superior to us. But we have done our best, and more than that no one can do.

For four years we have been struggling towards our goal. A few have reached it,

but many more have dropped by the way, unable to go on. But what a satisfaction it is for these few to think that they have succeeded where others have failed. Nevertheless, now, upon the eve of our departure, we cannot help a feeling of sadness that we must so soon sever our connection with our school and with the many friends that we have made. How short a time it has seemed that we have been here! But yesterday we entered this school, boys and girls, tomorrow we leave it, young men and young women. Hitherto, we have taken life easily, giving no thought to the future, or, if we have thought of it at all, we have said, "O, there will be time to think of that when the time comes."

And now the time HAS come. We must decide now what we shall do, and decide quickly. Shall we become good men and women or not? Let us hope that all will decide rightly.

Our success in life depends wholly upon our own exertions. We must not stand around waiting for something to turn up, for we may be sure that nothing ever will turn up. We must make our opportunities. Shakespeare has said:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

And never did the greatest of writers utter a greater truth. How have such men as Lincoln and Grant succeeded? By making the most of their opportunities. And if such men as these could succeed, why cannot we, whose opportunities are a hundred times greater? Let us remember these things, and whatever be our chances of success, let us aim high, and push on with the firm determination to reach our goal.

And now, before closing, we wish to say that we feel that the teachers are deserving of the heartiest thanks of the class of '03 for their skillful guidance of the class through the tortuous paths of knowledge, which may at times be rough and thorny, but which finally lead to everlasting benefit. So we, as representatives of the graduating class, do most heartily thank the teachers who have in any way helped or directed us, may their work not be unrewarded!

G. A. C.





GEORGE A. CRANE, President.

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NELLIE B. LINCOLN, Secretary and Treasurer.

## Class History.

WE began our long four years of toil with one hundred and sixty-two boys and girls, one of the largest classes in the history of the school. We entered upon our duties here, most of us realizing that it was our final preparation for future usefulness, and feeling that we should make the best of our time and opportunities. Whether we have fulfilled our youthful hopes and aspirations can be truly answered in our own hearts. God has dealt kindly with us, only one classmate having been taken from our circle. Our class ranks among the first, and we are truly proud of those who have brought it to such a high standard.

How fleeting, after all, have been these four years! How we have looked forward to the time when we might claim the distinction of being the First Class! Upper Classmen! We always looked up to them in envy! And yet, now that we have attained the honor, we could almost wish that we were starting our High School course again.

We could not predict at our entrance how we should succeed in the end. Someone has aptly said, "The graduates of a school are looked upon as its finished product, and collectively they indicate the quality of the machinery. The best machinery may occasionally produce poor specimens, owing to flaws in the raw material." Hence no apology is needed from those who are not among the "chosen few."

It is with a feeling of sadness that we make our final appearance. How could it be otherwise, when we think of the happy hours we have spent in the classroom. Mingled with our feelings of sadness come feelings of satisfaction when we think of the work we have accomplished, of the books we have tried to master, and of the hard grind of study, now nearly over. And when we come to the test in the untried experiences of life, we shall be grateful for what the teachers of the T. H. S. have done for us.

Our lives have been broadened in these fleeting four years, and pleasant as they have been, they will enrich our whole being. We have experienced victories and defeats, which have already passed into history, and

soon the time will come when we ourselves, like our predecessors, will go out into the world, and as a class be known only by dim recollections.

Are we ready to enroll ourselves among the world's workers? Success,—failure,—which awaits us? The future alone will reveal. We must encounter trials and meet with a life of which we have known little in our school years. Up to this time we have been "rehearsing the great drama of life;" now we must draw aside the curtain, and play our parts before the gaze of the whole world.

We have made staunch friends and with Oliver Wendell Holmes we might say:—

"Ah! ours is a friendship true as steel,  
That war has tried in edge and temper;  
It writes upon its sacred seal  
The priests' 'ubique-omnes-semper!'  
It lends the sky a fairer sun,  
That cheers our lives with rays as steady  
As if our footsteps had begun  
To print the golden streets already!"

Classmates! Our duty lies plainly before us and to do our best is all one can ask. Wherever we cast our lot let us be loyal, good and true to the highest ideals of our minds.

NELLIE BEATRICE LINCOLN.

Sec'y 1903.

## A GONDOLIER OF VENICE.

The beautiful palaces, the massy pillars of marble, the long walls and gracefully bending bridges became wondrously white in the light of a summer sunset. The waters were calm in the evening hush, and the gondoliers rested upon their oars. The bells of St. Mark's rang slowly sweetly upon the city, and the tall spires reflected upon the shining waters which led the Grand Place of the Cathedral.

Francesco B. was the handsome young gondolier of Don Quintin Letha, one of the rich nobles of Venice. Francesco's tall figure was a familiar sight to the people living along the Canal Grande, and many often



remarked how strange it was that such a fine young man should choose to row for the wealthy yet miserly Don Quintin. Now Don Quintin had been very poor in his early life and his friends said that he once had a son whom he dearly loved. Then, they said, he was cheerful and kind in his manner. But one day word came to him that his son had mysteriously disappeared from the school where he had been sent to study. Years passed and in those years Don Quintin's whole life changed. He grew wealthy, and his desire for gold so overcame him that his thoughts left the sad past and buried themselves in his fortune. He lived in the small house where he had always lived, upon the Canal Grande, and with his wife, had lately retired from active business, to shut himself up with his coins. He employed but one gondolier for his heavy black gondola, where others would have hired three. But Francesco was very strong and remained faithfully serving his master.

When Francesco, who was sitting upon the stern of Don Quintin's gondola, heard the bells, he rose to his feet. A look of anxiety came across his handsome brown face.

"It is time to rest from the labors of the day," he said slowly, "and I have rowed considerable to-day. Well, I will tie my boat up, for I hardly believe Don Quintin will wish to sail this evening. Yet, if he should—I will surely return in time. I must go down and see Palo, poor fellow. He is my dearest friend in Venice and he complained of not feeling well when I passed him under the Pont Le Fer. We are only poor gondoliers, but he is not strong enough to row, even though his master is a good man and very mindful of Palo. I would that I were wealthy so as to be able to help him. But I had rather many times be poor than to be like Don Quintin. If Palo had rich parents, or was rich himself, I wonder if he would say this to me. Yes, I am sure he would. But we are only wanderers with no sunny homes."

Francesco drew so small a change from his pocket, "Not a penny," he said, "but enough to carry me to Palo's home."

Darkness had fallen upon the canals when suddenly thousands of lights pierced the gloom, and Venice was once more the city of splendor. The bridges, the towers, the houses, all sent forth light from their win-

dows spontaneously. A moving light approaches Don Quintin's gondola, perhaps an hour after Francesco's departure. The person who carried it was walking rapidly, and when he passed from the shadows of the pillars which supported the house, he stood revealed in the brilliant light of the canal lamps.

He was a short, slightly built man, with a small face. His eyes seemed almost expressionless at times, yet again they would shine greedily from beneath his heavy brows. He stopped upon the wall beside the gondola and listened. Then he called, "Francesco, Francesco, do you hear me." He received no reply; then with an exclamation of anger, he climbed aboard. He came out after a few minutes. His face was bitter and his forehead wrinkled in a scowl.

"That young rascal has run away, doubtless, to see that friend Palo. And I must be at the Pont de Rio in an hour. Ah, the wretch shall rue this act. He shall go back to his friend."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pedro Juaneo Palo's employer was a thoughtful, sincere man who lived in a handsome house upon the Canal Grande, though he was by no means rich. He was fond of the boy Palo, who was a little the junior of his friend Francesco. For Palo, had a pale, sad face and Pedro made his work as light as possible upon every occasion. Pedro had watched Palo manfully handling his heavy oar this afternoon, and saw that his face was growing anxious. He followed him soon after to his lodging. As he entered the little hallway leading to Palo's little room he quickened his pace for he saw no ray of light streaming through the keyhole. With a nervous hand he turned the knob and entered. Darkness and stillness filled the place.

"Palo, Palo, boy," he cried. He waited an answer, then struck a match. Across the room lay a still form stretched upon the bed. With a cry Pedro rushed toward the boy.

"He is dead," he cried in a choked voice. In his desperation he turned the boy over. His face was upturned in the light, his cheeks were aflame with the fever and his eyelids quivered but did not open. A low moan came from his lips. Pedro turned frantically. Steps sounded without the door.

Francesco entered. He recognized the face of his friend and rushed madly to Pedro.

"Pedro, what does this mean? Oh Palo, dear Palo speak, it is I, Francesco, Oh, the boy is dying, the fever has seized him. Run, a doctor, Pedro, Father Benina,—no, I can go the faster. Watch him until I am back, in Heaven's name, Pedro." He was gone with one headlong dash.

Pedro, left alone with the sick gondolier, paced up and down the little room. He did everything in his power for Palo, then nervously awaited the doctor's arrival. After a short time he heard someone coming. It was Father Benina who entered gravely and softly.

"Father," said Pedro, "Palo is ill, and you can tell whether you think he will recover."

Father Benina bent over the still form and placed his hand gently upon the hot forehead. His benevolent face grew sorrowful, and his lips murmured a prayer.

"I can not tell, Pedro," the priest said as he loosened Palo's clothing about his throat. Suddenly the priest started back with a half cry. "Cassini," was all he said, but a look of thankfulness came over his features. "Don Quintin, you may now go forth into a nobler life."

Pedro looked askance at the priest, and was about to question him as to his sudden start, but at that moment Francesco hurried into the room fairly dragging a little short man with heavy whiskers. It was the doctor. After he had examined Palo, he said, "In a fortnight he should recover with the best care."

"In a fortnight, Don Quintin," said Father Benina.

Late that night Francesco went back to Don Quintin's house. He met Don Quintin returning home in the public passenger gondola. The old man's face was wrathful and he burst out in a rage.

"You, Francesco, wretch whom I have housed, you are discharged. Away from here, go back to Palo," he sneered, "to Palo your friend, whom you desire more than employment."

"Don Quintin," said Francesco, "that boy is an honest, free-hearted boy, my only true friend in Venice. He is lying ill, almost at death's door. For visiting him you discharge me."

"Yes, a thousand times. Does that fellow's welfare concern me in the least? Go, I say."

Francesco grew angry. "You old miscreant, has your gold hardened your heart into coin," he shouted. "I am going now."

Don Quintin stood alone for a moment. "Has my gold hardened my heart into coin," he said slowly and with evident thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fortnight had passed, Don Quintin sat on the veranda of his house. It was mid-day, and he sat watching the gondolas darting along the canals. He had not noticed a gondola approaching from the direction of S—

If he had he would have recognized the tall, handsome oarsman as Francesco. Before the occupants of the boat had reached the walk leading to his home, Don Quintin arose and entered the house. He sat down with the daily paper in his hands, back to the window. He had just become interested in the news, when the door bell clanged. He went to the door and saw three men standing upon the steps. They entered, Father Benina, Francesco and the youth Palo.

Don Quintin greeted the priest courteously, scowled at Francesco, and looked closely at the boy Palo.

"Don Quintin Letha," said Father Benina quietly, "you had a trustworthy young gondolier, who served you dutifully always. You discharged him because he visited a sick young friend of his. Don Quintin, you should reward this gondolier with your heart. This young man," the priest continued pointing to Palo, "was that friend."

Don Quintin's head bowed in shame.

"You are not wholly selfish even now, Don Quintin," added Father Benina. "You were kind and merciful once to everyone, people say."

"Yes, I had a son," Don Quintin said slowly, "then, then long sadness came to me, and in wealth I have sought wrongfully to forget the past."

"Now strive to live a life worthy your great good fortune. Your son, Cassini, is that dear friend Palo, the gondolier."

For a moment Don Quintin was speechless. He sprang toward Palo and tore his coat open. A deep, strange blemish appeared upon his neck. Don Quintin wept. "Cassini, my son."

"May happiness prosper you for ever," said the father.



DAVID G. MILLER, Principal.





FRANCES B. WHITE, Valedictorian.

## *A Word to the Wise.*

The "survival of the fittest" of the class which so valiantly started to climb the unknown mount of knowledge in the Taunton High School four years ago is now to be graduated. From the heights of wisdom to which they have attained, they pause to regard those still struggling on their thorny way, and from their very remarkable knowledge and experience, they offer their parting advice to the classes that in the next few years are to reach the same lofty pinnacle of learning.

In the first place they advise you not to be "grinds" for it really doesn't pay. So if there are some strange spirits among you who study all day and almost all night from very love of studying, the class of nineteen hundred and three, who, by the way, cannot boast of many of the aforementioned specimens, implore you to desist. Learn your lessons faithfully, but for heaven's sake don't spend all your time outside of school, in any kind of exercise, and some of your time in playing and don't puzzle your studies quite all of the time.

As to an entirely different class, to those that shirk their lessons, the graduat-

ing class offers a bit of advice. Repent of your evil ways ere it is too late. Some day or other you'll wish you had been a little more attentive, a little more studious and a little more faithful in the old High School days. So, pray turn over a new leaf and astonish the teachers next autumn by your wonderful and truly unexpected brilliancy. If you study faithfully each day, exams will lose their terror and all will be well.

On the other hand those who are neither grinds nor shirks but who each day try carefully and conscientiously to study their lessons are urged to keep on in the way they have begun. They have chosen the middle course which is always the safest, and so the memories of High School days will have no vain regrets for them.

And now for the last word. The graduating class urges you to love the old Taunton High School and always be faithful to it. Keep up the school spirit. Try with all your might to uphold the honor of the Taunton High School, and whatever happens, please don't forget the class of nineteen hundred and three.

'03



## *Class Prophecy.*

To-day as time is fleeting  
There comes before my eyes,  
A vision of the future  
That takes me by surprise.

I see you all, my classmates,  
As you ere long will be;  
Perhaps you'll like to share  
What the vision shows to me.

Miss Frances White, our leader  
Of knowledge so profound,  
A new X-Ray's discovered;  
The best that can be found.

Miss Cushman, now, is President  
Of Wheaton so I'm told,  
And gathers many pupils  
'Neath her protecting fold.

Evans is the manager  
Of a large Association—  
It's one of these co-operative,  
The greatest in the nation.

At the Berkley exposition  
Held in nineteen twenty-nine,  
Manter's agricultural show  
Was something very fine.

Miss Perkin's, as a baker,  
Cooks everything that's nice;  
Although she's very apt to use  
A little too much spice.

Miss Oldroyd travels often  
In the land of Hottentots;  
To ask for any reasons  
Is farthest from our thoughts.

Miss Crapo hypnotizes  
The savage cannibals.  
A shoe string is the instrument  
Which forth this marvel calls.

Hallahan we find unchanged,  
For still he may be seen,  
A-chewing of his worshipped gum,  
While hanging 'round the Green.

Walker has a shoe store,  
Sells everything for gents;  
He handles many neckties,  
And his profits are immense.

As nurse in Honolulu,  
Nell Lincoln earns her bread,  
Ward 1 is her especial charge,  
Or, leastwise, so 'tis said.

There's one at least among us  
Who still the statue makes,  
'Tis Burt, who has for payment  
The check he gladly takes.

Miss Fostine Chase is teacher  
Of a little country school.  
She often chides her scholars  
Who are inclined to fool.

The Czar of Russia's children  
Are charmed with our Miss Dean.  
She makes a lovely governess,  
Is never cross or mean.

Miss Chase, she keeps a lighthouse  
On the Carribean sea,  
And all whom she has ever helped,  
Must pay a monstrous fee.

Miss Olive Grant is quiet,  
But gets there just the same,  
She's brainy and she's popular  
Like a man of the same name.

Miss Harvey runs a boarding house,  
Quite close to Woodward Springs,  
The very nice location,  
Many patrons brings.

Miss Lincoln, childish ever,  
A home for children keeps,  
With them she plays and frolics,  
She tumbles, falls and leaps.

On Mount Free, Arizona.  
Miss Olive Leavitt lives,  
And to the weary travelers,  
That scornful smile she gives.

Miss Wheeler is the captain  
Of a basket-ball team (White's)  
And with a lot of other teams,  
Has very frequent fights.

Reed keeps a large collection  
Of books—both new and old,  
The number he possesses  
Has never yet been told.

In a theatre of Rehoboth,  
Called Metropolitan.  
Miss Raymond as an actress,  
Her great career began.

Co-education is the kind,  
So Martin teaches Greek,  
And often of the T. H. S.  
They eloquently speak.

The virtues of Sapolio  
Miss Whitmore does proclaim;  
"How I shine!" her booklet,  
Has brought to her much fame.

Miss Nevins plays the hurdy-gurdy,  
In distant Italy.  
Miss Galvin gives clam dinners  
Near an Asiatic sea.

Miss Perry in gymnastics,  
Has prizes won galore.  
Miss Sullivan has vanished  
We ne'er shall see her more.

A Spanish nobleman  
Has ta'en Miss Keefe away.  
Miss Magee, a chaperone,  
Is earning handsome pay.

At Tierra del Fuego,  
Miss Francis sings her songs;  
The flat in which she's dwelling,  
To Mr. Sharpe belongs.

Miss Mabel White is President  
Of an Ohio College,  
She's trying hard to introduce  
Her Massachusetts's knowledge.

The teachers play at basket-ball,  
Miss Haslam and Miss Kent,  
While Owens runs a foot  
And thinks his time well spent.

They made O'Brien a  
Miss Thayer, a  
They'll give yo  
If you'll con



"I, Captain Swift, am Captain  
Of the Hoodoos Freak Brigade;  
I yearly have a magazine—  
I came, I saw, I stayed."

On a lake of far-off Cuba,  
Irving's cutting ice,  
He looks as if he'd trouble  
With insomnia or mice.

Miss Fournier tours in Zanzabar  
With Mr. Paderweski;  
She's great on solemn music,  
But does not like the frisky.

'Twixt Providence and Taunton,  
Miss Ethel Grant does dwell.  
She keeps the transfer station,  
She OUGHT to do quite well.

Miss M. E. White sits always  
Beneath the "Bamboo Tree,"  
And she's forever singing.  
As happy as can be.

Three minute declamations,  
From a book by Dean and Crane,  
And fine commencement speeches,  
To study all do reign.

A famous comic paper  
Has hired Miss Couch, for one  
To write their funny poetry,  
And now and then a pun.

Miss Murphy is a lecturer,  
Miss McNamarra too,  
At Oxford they in Latin talk  
About the newest Zoo.

Leach—a learned doctor,  
Has practice far and wide.  
He means to either kill or cure  
Those who in him confide.

Ray Farnsworth as the President,  
Does in the White House dwell,  
And of the wisdom he has used,  
Americans love to tell.

McAusland as an actor,  
Is making money fast.  
What character does he portray?  
The worst upon the cast.

Eddy writes short stories,  
Of soldiers and of wars.  
He handles well his subject,  
Each struggle and its cause.

Miss Webster has just issued  
A grammar of the Greek;  
We're glad to know she's prospered,  
She was so very meek.

Miss Thresher teaches music  
In Shanghai, so they say;  
She's getting very prominent  
With each successive day.

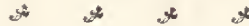
Gallagher's successful  
As a lawyer in New York,  
And of all kinds of state affairs,  
Can eloquently talk.

In mathematics, Hutchins  
Is the best of all we know;  
He ALWAYS got originals,  
And thought the rest were slow.

For many years in Mansfield  
Miss Leonard now has been,  
Disabled soldiers at her home  
She's gladly taken in.

There now I've told you everything,  
The vision told to me,  
And may you all be well prepared  
For what you're going to be.

C. A. C. '03.



For sale—A number of fine pen and ink  
etches, executed in the most striking man-  
ner. B.L. tags furnished with pictures upon  
them. Apply to C. S. Eddy, No. 6, Back

We take this opportunity to warn A. T.  
Dean against entering Tech next year. For  
to judge from his many absences of late, his  
health must be very poor, and we fear lest he  
should break down under the strain.

the S. A. C. E. is in-  
of Wh... ity, and will soon  
And gather... A. C. E.  
Neath he

It is rumored that Miss F. White is to ac-  
cept a position as teacher in geometry. We  
must congratulate her pupils.



CAPT. HERBERT L. SWIFT.

## *The Cadets.*

As the time is near at hand for the class of 1903 to graduate, it becomes my pleasure to write a brief review of the work of the local company.

The fact that it already holds the championship of southeastern Massachusetts in drilling—an honor which it has defended for fourteen years, is nothing if it does not furnish an incentive to still greater distinction.

The corps of cadets in this city has always been far superior in military training and manliness than the other companies of the old battalion which was disbanded in 1900. It has well been shown these past years that each succeeding company is far more advanced than the previous one. In the first place the cadets were obliged to submit to the rules of the school committee regarding eligibility to office.

The standard required was not less than 75 per cent. in studies, and in deportment not less than 80 per cent. It was thought by some that this would cause a decrease in the size of the company, but the size of this year's company has disproved this.

Not only is a cadet to show that he is a soldier in the drill hall, or on the round of duty, but also on the street and in public. The benefits derived from military training are: 1st, The erectness and carriage of the body; 2nd, The development of the body, mentally and physically; 3rd, The obedience to orders and discipline; and, 4th, The recreation which it proves. It is also a great pleasure for the members to make new acquaintances, which they retain during their later life by being members of the cadets and High School students.

Once more we tried to form a battalion, as the cadets for the last four years have done. The old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," was more and more impressed this year, as we made two attempts to form a battalion. A very large number of recruits came into the company this year, and an unusually large number of old cadets remained. The company needed but five members the first of the year in order to form a battalion. This undoubtedly will show the large number we have at the present time. I am sorry

to say that the spirit in the Taunton High School is not stronger; it is a pity not to have a battalion from such a large congregation of boys, but it is far better to have military an elective course rather than a compulsory one.

Although it was thought that the marks of eligibility to office would be a hindrance, it was singular that the very men that were in mind for appointment were the ones eligible. The company of '02 and '03 had a very successful start, and have passed the most successful year that could be imagined. At the commencement of the year it was necessary for the members of the company to send a petition to the school committee for more guns and equipment. The cadets were very grateful to the committee for their kindness and their appreciation of our work. It is surprising how the spirit has risen in the company since the election of officers last fall, it having reached a high point. I feel safe in saying that much of the prosperity of the company is due to the fact that the committee has interfered but slightly in the rules of the company. Our attendance at drills has been about 85 per cent. on an average, while our behavior on the street has always been worthy of remark. The boys this year have had the largest attendance of any company in many years past.

Our evening socials have been greatly enjoyed, while our Prize Drills have been immensely so. At our big Spring drill, held in April, we had as a judge one of our veteran cadets, who has made a mark for himself—Paul D. Bunker, of West Point. The history of the cadets, which was written this year, was a very difficult task, as the back records were not kept up by the secretaries. It showed to a great many people what the past work of the cadets had been, as would not have been done had it not been for the writing of such a book. The closing event of the year was a prize drill in June, which is a very unusual thing. A cup was put up by L. B. Hudson, Adj. of O. C. B., to be drilled for by the lieutenants, the cup to be retained by the winner.

This last year a military course was started in Mansfield High, and our own instructor,



Capt. Danforth, was chosen in preference to a great many. This is enough to show that he is a good soldier, and a most competent drill instructor. As we had enough privates in the company to form two companies, we did so, Capt. Danforth appointing himself commandant. The battalion has been named the Old Colony. We have three companies and a band in the battalion; it seems like old times when the Bristol County Battalion existed.

Since a battalion requires more officers than a company, a number of new appointments have been made. For the interest and benefit of the three companies, Capt. Danforth arranged two field days to prepare for camp. One was held in Mansfield, and the other in Taunton.

All three companies have a sufficient sum to take them to camp, which undoubtedly will be held at Cottage City, as usual. Camp this year promises to be doubly interesting, on account of the number of men in the companies.

Out of this year's company there are but three men graduating, one of whom joined this year, and is lance corporal. Another singular fact is that at the beginning of this year there were two vacancies to fill—Captain and 1st Lieutenant, and there were but two men left in the class. Lieut. Farnsworth came into the cadets last year, and went from private to 1st Lieut., an unusual occurrence.

We look to see the future companies prosper better than each previous company, but we no longer hope to see the Taunton boys prosper as a company, but as a battalion. I sincerely hope that the cadets, headed by the class of '04, will strive hard to form a battalion, and I wish them all success and prosperity.

HERBERT LESLIE SWIFT,  
Captain, '02-'03.

### LAUGH IF YOU ARE WISE.

"Well, Miss Ida, graduation is nearly here. Your plans are all made up for the future, I presume. What do you propose to do?"

"Learn to smile," slowly replied the girl, going out of the room. The stern face of the Reverend Mr. B— expressed grave disapproval as he looked after the transgressor, and then solemnly readjusted his glasses to regard the suspiciously shaking draperies, at the other end of the room.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Illens," as a gray haired lady entered the room, "I have just been talking to your daughter, but I fear that she has no realization of the responsibilities of life. I advise——"

But the rest was lost to the listener behind the portieres, for the hostess with accustomed tact had led her visitor into the drawing room.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the face framed in the great curtains. "Ida's got another fit. Let's see—Graduation odes with moonlight reveries, fierce shriekings i' the night, paper famine; then dresses, with constant melodies of 'Shall I wear lace-curtains or bed quilts?'"

"Now, now!" and Ned rocked in glee. "We shall have rehearsals in smiling from morning till night. Wonder if she'll 'pear like this," and the bad boy grinned elfishly in the mirror.

A whistle sounded and Ned betook himself to the fish pond where he forgot his sister's mild vagaries in the excitement of the hour. Later when he was creeping up the stairs that same evening, something made him remember.

"Mother," he heard Ida say as she sat with her head against her mother's knee, gazing out at the rosy sunset.

"I wasn't fooling this afternoon. Don't you wish we would smile more? Everything's so happy. The flowers smile, the waters wrinkle and ripple with laughter, the leaves shake, and even the shadows are scattered when the tiny sunbeams dance in glee."

"If good people would only make their goodness agreeable and smile instead of frowning, how many happy mortals there would be."

"Whew!" breathed the boy in the hall, "that's a bad one on His Reverence."

A slight pause followed, then the mother said gently, "Do you remember what Addison once wrote, that 'What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles to be sure; but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable?'"

"Why, mother, you're preaching, but twilight always makes one feel solemn, doesn't it? I'll feel that way at graduation. On that day we're 'between the lights,' the bright happy days of youth and the hazy darkness of the far-future lighted only by the moonlight of our virtue—and our smiles."

"So you see mother, my vocation is going to be to learn how to 'feel' it."

"Jumping Jemmy," muttered in the corridor, as he stole stealthily "she'd better get a jump-jack and it before all the long-draw, in mouthed Solomons we see every"

But his face was rather thoughtful



MARY A. MURPHY, Salutatorian.

## *Athletics.*

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION AND FIELD DAY.

The Taunton High School Athletic Association was organized in the latter part of March, 1903, in response to a feeling which had been growing for several months that enthusiasm for athletics did not rise as high as it might. Its general purpose, then, is the promotion of athletics in the high school. The more immediate objects of the movement were these: First to relieve the various athletic teams from the personal expense incurred in playing games away from home; second, to make all teams representing the high school and playing under that name, consist of high school pupils only.

At a meeting of the boys a constitution was adopted and membership was recommended to all. The first meeting of the association was held on April 3, for the election of officers. The following were chosen: President, G. A. Crane; Vice-President, H. C. Wood; Secretary, R. D. Farnsworth; Treasurer, R. Crowley. As provided for by the constitution, an Executive Board was elected, consisting of one resident alumnus, two from Faculty, and one pupil from each class in the school. The board was chosen as follows: Messrs. Washburn, Walker, McIntyre, Martin, Gibbons, Thayer, and Hall. The President and Treasurer of the Association are members ex officio. This Executive Board has full control over all high-school athletics. At the first meeting of the association, the membership was about thirty. Since that time it has slowly but steadily increased.

Following the example of the pupils last year, it was decided to hold a Field Day in June, in the interest of track athletics. June 6 was fixed upon as the date, and careful preparations were made by the Executive Board and the various committees. Two cups were secured, one from Colby's Clothing House, the other from the Glenwood. The Colby cup was offered for the individual, the Glenwood cup for the class gaining the greatest number of points, which were counted thus: First place, 5; second, 3; third, 1. Medals of silver and bronze were to be given to those holding second and third places.

Entries to the events were solicited, and a fair list secured.

When June 6 came, then the arrangements were complete, and shortly after 2 o'clock the races began. The records made were very good, many of them being an improvement on those of last year. The first event was the 50 yard dash, with which Smith started his long list of victories. The time was better than that of last year. In the high jump which followed, White and Smith had a close contest. The odds seemed against White, but he showed great perseverance, and finally won out. The hundred yard dash was captured by Smith, with Seibel again a good second, as he had been in the 50 yard sprint.

For the broad jump the conditions were favorable, since the ground was very good. Considering the advance of last year, the shot-put, which was made his first appearance on the scene of action. When his turn came at the lead, the audience gave him an enthusiastic round of applause. This must certainly have turned his head, for in no other way can we account for his failure to win the event.

In the 440 yard dash, the pace set by Seibel was terrific in comparison with the dog-trot with which last year's "dash" started out. His exertions at the beginning, however, were fatal to his chances of winning, and Smith here added another to his rapidly growing list of "5's."

The hero of the pole-vault was Hopkins, who cleared the bar by a foot each time he tried. Crowley did some plucky work here, however, and reached the 6 foot mark. Then Hopkins, at the request of his friends gave a little side show, and easily cleared the 7 foot mark, amidst liberal applause from the grand stand.

The next event, the hammer throw, again brought out Thayer, who this time won, throwing the heavy ball nearly 100 feet. In the scramble for potatoes, which was a way, were real potatoes this year, Seibel showed his agility, while Hopkins and Crowley finished so near together that they could not positively decide the winner.



So the two split the difference and each received two points.

The open bicycle race which came next was won by Dean with Newcomb second, and Hopkins third. Hopkins did not enter the handicap, which thus became a duet on wheels between the Senior and the Freshman. The Freshman came out ahead. The half-mile run was next on the program, and was won by Smith. Paper was now getting scarce, on which to record his points, so he decided not to enter the mile run. This was a leisurely combat calculated to test the endurance. Here Martin showed himself superior to the other contestants. As this was the last event, the crowd now adjourned to the ball grounds.

As results of the afternoon's work, the Colby cup was won by Smith, the silver medal by Crowley, and the bronze medal by Seibel. The Glenwood cup was captured by '05, with a margin of one point over '04.

With the encouraging start which the Athletic Association has made, we earnestly hoped and confidently expected that its success will be great in the future.

### FOOT BALL.

From the opening of the foot-ball season in September until we played our last game, the work of the '02 team showed that this foot-ball team was nearly as fast as that of the preceding year.

Only four of last year's players remained to maintain the honor of the school, but at the request of the manager, a large number of candidates responded, namely: Burt, Crowley, Turner, Murphy, Claffy, O'Conner, Chambers, Martin, O'Brien, Smith, and Cane. After a little coaxing we got Mr. Thayer out, also. All of these men proved valuable, and they were soon moulded into shape by the coach.

Thirteen games were played in all, including the regular Thanksgiving day game between the Alumni and the High School team. The games played were with the Brockton, Fall River, and Westerley High schools. We played against Brockton High School, the greatest interest for us, as Brockton is our greatest rival in athletics. Brockton had come over here to the earth with us, the Taunton team, and we had some hard practice, and went

over to the Shoe City, and turned the tables, to the surprise of all, winning to the tune of 5-2. The latter part of this game was lacking in interest to the players as well as the spectators, it being so dark that it was impossible to follow the ball. There was considerable kicking done by the Brocktons concerning the score, but they were finally obliged to admit that the game was ours.

The Westerley Highs, as they called themselves, was a team composed of married men and old college players, the lightest of whom weighed about 170 pounds. The Tauntons, nevertheless, were determined to defeat their opponents, which they did after a hard fought battle, by the score of 5-0.

On Nov. 12, we journeyed to Fall River, and after a long fight, the game was won by means of a trick play, Hopkins going through tackle with good interference by Seibel for forty yards, making the only touchdown of the game. Score 5-0.

The teamwork was a feature throughout the season, and it may be well to sum up the work of each player. Claffy and Chambers took care of center in good shape, while Murphy, O'Connor and Bradford held the tackles down in grand style. The former's tackling, especially, was a feature in all the games. Burt and Thayer were a tower of strength at the guards, the opposing side finding it very hard to gain ground through Burt. Martin, Smith, and Seibel at end did excellent work in tackling and breaking interference. Crowley, at quarter-back, helped the team greatly by his good head-work as well as by his tackling. Owens at left-back was always good; especially when ground was needed to be gained, Owens was the man called upon. He was excellent at line plunging, and also at defensive work. The other half was looked after by Hopkins. O'Brien, at full-back, did good work throughout the season, the way he went into the line showing his value to the team. His defence work is also worthy of mention.

Hopkins was re-elected captain of the next year's team, and Claffy elected manager. Considering the number of players still remaining for the '03 team, there seems to be no reason why the school should not produce one of the fastest teams in this section.

Before concluding, the captain and the manager extend their thanks to the coaches for their valuable services.

Our motto,—“Follow the ball, play a clean, earnest game, obey the captain and the coaches, and be punctual at practice.

R. L. HOPKINS, Capt. '02.

Captain Hopkins forgets to mention his own good work on the team. He was at all times easily the star of the game, both on the defensive and offensive.

It is unfortunate that Turner received an injury early in the season and so had no chance to show his mettle. Undoubtedly he would have been a good man.

### BASE BALL.

The local High School team were confronted with many drawbacks this season, from the fact that only three of last year's team were in school. But those who were interested got together early in the season and elected Hopkins, '04, Captain, and Owens, '03, Manager.

As soon as the weather would permit, a call was given, and although it did not meet with as much response as it should have, there were enough to select a nine from.

The season opened with a game at North Easton against the Oliver Ames High School, on April 18, with the following players: Hopkins (P. & C.), Owens (C. & 2nd), Childs (1st), Smith (P. & 2nd), Farnsworth (3rd), Dobson (S. S.), McQuire (L. F.), McCormick (C. F.), Gough (R. F.).

We were defeated 25 to 13. The game started with Smith as pitch, but he being rather wild, changed places with Hopkins, who did a little better. The features of the game were the batting of McGuire for the home team, and the all-round work of O'Connor for North Easton. The score:

	R. H. E.												
T. H. S.	2	3	1	0	3	0	1	3	—	13	13	16	
O. A. H. S.	9	0	4	0	2	1	8	1	—	25	21	11	

Our next game, our first home game, was played at the Fair Grounds on May 6, against Middleboro. The game was close and exciting, and was nobody's game until the last man had struck out. Hopkins and Farnsworth excelled for Taunton, while Caswell pitched an excellent game for Middleboro. The score:

	R. H. E.												
T. H. S.	4	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	—	7	7	0	
M. H. S.	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	1	—	6	7	14	

On May 8 the Oliver Ames High School came to Taunton and defeated us by the score of 11 to 1. Hopkins pitched a good game until the 6th inning, when with poor support the opponents brought in six runs. Johnson pitched a star game for North Easton, allowing only six hits. The score:

	R. H. E.												
T. H. S.	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	6	10	
O. A. H. S.	0	0	0	0	1	6	1	2	—	11	11	4	

Taunton went down to Fall River on May 13, and doubtless would have won the game had the umpiring been anywhere near fair. In the 6th inning the umpire, a Mr. Kelley, by a peculiar decision, let in four runs for Fall River, and he was immediately succeeded by Mr. O'Connor, who did much better.

The features of the game were the flue pitching of both men in the box, and the 3 base-hit made by Smith in the 6th inning. The score:

	R. H. E.												
T. H. S.	3	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	—	6	4	6	
B. M. C. D. H. S.	0	0	3	0	4	0	0	1	—	8	9	8	

On May 16 the team, accompanied the Cadets over to Mansfield, and played the High School team in the afternoon. The game was rather ragged and uninteresting, but the pitching of Bessom was a redeeming feature for the home team. The score:

	R. H. E.												
T. H. S.	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	—	5	8	12	
M. H. S.	6	0	3	0	0	2	0	2	—	13	17	4	

Bridgewater High defeated the Tauntons on May 23rd in a slow and uninteresting game. Jorden's pitching for Bridgewater was the only feature of the game, he struck out 13 men, and allowed only 4 hits. Score:

	R. H. E.												
T. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—	1	4	9	
B. H. S.	0	2	0	0	2	2	0	5	—	11	8	1	

We went to Providence May 27, and were defeated by the La Salle Academy, 13 to 1. Herbert pitched a superb game for the home team, allowing only 2 hits. We were considerably weakened by the absence of Hopkins and Smith, so McCormick was put behind the bat, and was rather weak, allowing 10 stolen bases. Score:

	R. H. E.												
T. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	6	10	
L. S. A.	0	4	4	4	1	0	0	0	—	13	8	3	

Taunton went down to New Bedford June 2, and succeeded in breaking their spell of defeats by defeating the High School team,



15 to 14. The game was very close and exciting, the only feature to mar it was the tripping up of Taunton players by Blossom, the New Bedford catcher, who got his reward in hisses from both the Taunton and New Bedford spectators. Hopkins pitched quite a good game, allowing only 7 hits. The feature of the game, outside of the strange umpiring of Mr. Norton, of New Bedford, was the batting of McGuire, of Taunton. Score:

	R. H. E.											
T. H. S.	3	0	0	0	2	3	4	3	--	15	18	7
N. B. H. S.	6	0	0	0	4	1	1	2	--	14	7	11

LaSalle Academy succeeded in defeating Taunton by the score of 20 to 8, in a game very abundant with errors and wild throws. Both sides put up a poor exhibition of ball playing. Score:

	R. H. E.											
T. H. S.	3	0	0	2	0	1	0	2	0--	8	9	11
L. S. A.	6	2	0	0	0	7	2	3	0--	20	10	8

There are three more games to be played, and although the team has not the number of victories to its credit that other teams have, considering its drawbacks it has done tolerably well.

JOHN A. OWENS.



## Our College Friends.

### THOUGHTS FROM BROWN.

When a freshman visits Brown, the first thing that he notices is the beauty of the campus. The grand old elms on the front campus, cast a dense shade upon the spacious, green lawns, where groups of students lie stretched at their ease. The middle campus is a broad expanse of green, bordered on each side by trees and buildings. The back campus, Lincoln Field, which was once the scene of all athletic contests at Brown, has now been so encroached upon by dormitories, the gymnasium and swimming pool, and the engineering building, that there is no longer room for athletics.

After being in college for a month or two, the freshman realizes that what he had imagined about college life is far from the truth. In a "prep" school, the student is told that he must get his lessons every day, that he will be deprived of holidays or recesses if he does not obey the rules. At Brown, it rests almost entirely with himself what he will or will not do. His professors give him good advice, but he is not obliged to follow it. If he chooses to do a week's work in one day, he may do so; but if he indefinitely postpones a few of these study days, at the end of the term he will probably fail in some course, and be obliged to try again, or take another course to make up the work. His success depends upon himself alone.

Of course there are regulations, and serious offences are followed by summary dismissal; but the best discipline at Brown is through

the sentiment of the undergraduate body. The class that sanctions the breaking of old customs or of faculty regulations, at once loses the respect and friendship of other classes. Especially do the upper classmen influence the action of the student-body by their leadership.

In the fall, every student becomes interested in foot-ball. The upper classmen ask every well built freshman if he ever played foot-ball, and urge him to go out and practice with the 'Varsity squad. It is the well-known Brown spirit that makes men spend their afternoons working for the good of the 'Varsity, although they have little hope of getting a "B" themselves. It is that same spirit that makes the whole college stand behind its team with cheers, even when it is playing a losing game against a superior team. At Brown last fall, several exceptionally fine foot-ball players entered the freshman class, and these, with the old players, formed a team that made larger colleges play their best to win.

Not only Brown's clean athletic record, but her faculty and the curriculum also, deserve the high opinions often expressed by students. Several of the professors rank high among those in American colleges, and their books are used all over the country. There are professors at Brown who are so highly esteemed that students elect courses under them simply in order to come into personal contact with such true, thinking men. The curriculum includes both classic and scientific courses, and courses in the



mechanic arts equal to those of most technical schools. Brown is an excellent place for the student seeking a good, broad education, and it also has advantages for those taking technical courses. At Brown the technical student has a part in the college life which he cannot get at purely technical schools, and which college graduates all agree makes up nearly one-half of a college education.

A. C. KING,  
Brown 1906.

### IMPRESSIONS OF A HARVARD FRESHMAN.

It may be of interest to some to know what life in a great college is like, and how it impresses a student in his freshman year, so for the benefit of these I should like to describe the life of a student at Harvard.

In the first place, one of the ideas commonly held by outsiders is misleading. This is in regard to hazing. There is very little hazing at Harvard, for it is discouraged by the Faculty. On "bloody Monday night" however, —the first Monday night after the opening of college,—a rush takes place in the yard between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. This is not as bloody as the name would imply, and is in no way as injurious as a Tech cane rush. But few serious accidents occur, and those which unfortunately do occur, are generally the result of the intrusion of "muckers."

On this night many Freshmen serve refreshments to parties of Sophomores, in compliance with "punch notices" previously dropped through their doors. According to the caprice of the Sophomores, the Freshie is made to do vocal, oratorical or terpsichorean stunts, and those who do not comply are given a course in cooling treatment in the shower bath. If the Freshman acknowledges his inferiority in good part, these treats may be the beginning of a lasting friendship with a Sophomore.

After the Freshman recovers from "bloody Monday," and has learned by inquiry the location of Memorial Hall, he books for the social life. The social organizations comprise about seventy debating and musical clubs.

In the early fall, every one is called out for "trials" for musical clubs and athletic teams. It is true that but few are chosen, but the

candidate gains experience and makes friends.

At present, the Faculty is trying to increase sociability among the students by requesting the Seniors to give "beer nights" to the Freshmen. The "beer night" consists of an informal entertainment and light refreshments, comprising beer and ginger ale, crackers, cheese and cigarettes. Those who are withheld from participation in these entertainments by parental warnings or by their own scruples, offer the excuse "in training."

Another place where a Freshman makes acquaintances is at his table, which may be either at Randall or Memorial. The latter place may best be described by the verse in the Harvard "Alphabet,"

"M for Memorial  
Hall Senatorial  
Transept armorial  
Food on the bum,  
Steaks to be labored with  
Scrambled eggs flavored with  
Shells, and soups savored with  
Coon waiters' thumbs."

The centre of all the social life is the Harvard Union popularly called the "Onion." It is the meeting place of most of the organizations, and contains every convenience found in well-appointed clubs. Here are rehearsed the foot-ball songs, and the cheers which show the teams that the College is behind them.

It is often claimed that Harvard has no college spirit, and it might appear to an outsider that such is the case. It does exist, however, and it is more sincere than that of other colleges which may be more demonstrative.

Before closing, it must be said that Harvard is not a "cinch." Although the curriculum is almost elective, thus introducing self-reliance and responsibility in a student's choice, yet there are very few "snap" courses, contrary to general opinion. However, the work is not so pressing as to deprive the student of the broadening influence which so great an institution must exert.

It depends wholly upon the student whether he comes to "grind" or to have a good time. Harvard is a place for work as well as for play, and whether it shall be all work, all play, or a happy mixture of the two is for the Freshman to decide.

J. E. WARNER,  
T. H. S. '02



### GIRLS BASKET BALL.

With the beginning of the fall of 1902, there began also a great desire among the girls to have a basket ball team.

After much consideration it was decided to start a team for the Seniors, which would be the first girls' basket ball team in the Taunton High School.

There was much enthusiasm and interest shown from the very first, and this encouraged us to go ahead and do our best. After practicing for a few months, during which our team gained rapidly, we felt able to challenge other teams.

The first game with the North Easton High was lost, but it only encouraged us to do better, so with the firm determination to conquer, we went to Mansfield shortly afterwards, winning there by the close score of 7 to 6.

The next game was at North Easton, where we were again defeated. This, however, did not discourage us, for every defeat made us the more determined to win.

After this, our next two games with the Stoneham High School were successful, and with this ended our short list of games for 1903.

Basket ball, although disapproved by some, is always enjoyed by the participants of the game. It not only furnishes enjoyment for the players, but it gives them strength, vigor, and quickness, as well.

It plays an important part in their mental,

as well as their physical development, for the mind must learn to think quickly and coolly. The whole system, in fact, is well developed by the practice which it gets.

Just a word to those who have so kindly instructed, patronized, and encouraged us. We thank you most heartily, and we sincerely hope the same members, with as many more, will continue to help and encourage the future basket ball teams of the Taunton High School.

To those teams we wish unlimited success in all their attempts for our dear Alma Mater.

#### GAMES OF 1903.

North Easton 17—Taunton 2—at Taunton.

Taunton 7—Mansfield 6—at Mansfield.

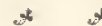
Taunton 6—Stoneham 5—at Taunton.

North Easton 14—Taunton 2—at N. Easton.

Taunton 3—Stoneham 2—at Stoneham.

MARY A. NEVINS,

Capt. Girls' Basket Ball Team 1903.



Item from Daily Times—"Mr. Harry Richardson has obtained his release as coach for the Senior Basket Ball team." No doubt he was too fast for them.

It is a fact worthy of mention that three of the higher officers of this year's company rose directly from the ranks. This fact, however, does not seem to have made them any less capable.





### BOYS BASKET BALL.

The Taunton High School Basket Ball team was formed last November. Harry Richardson, '04, was elected captain, and Mr. F. A. Grobb, manager. For the first month the team practiced faithfully under the direction of Mr. Grobb, in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. After Richardson's term expired, Hopkins was elected captain, and did excellent work, both in playing and in encouraging the team.

On account of the lateness in forming the team, considerable difficulty was experienced in arranging dates with out-of-town teams. However, three games were secured with the Brockton Highs, and two with the Oliver Ames High School team. Four games were also secured with the Y. M. C. A. second team. All the games were well-attended, and were full of interest. The record of the games is as follows:—

Jan. 24, T. H. S. 7—Y. M. C. A. 2d, 17.  
 Feb. 27, T. H. S. 23—Y. M. C. A. 2d, 12.  
 Feb. 28, T. H. S. 8—B. H. S. 9.  
 Mar. 7, T. H. S. 16—Y. M. C. A. 2d, 8.  
 Mar. 10, T. H. S. 15—Y. M. C. A. 2d, 9.  
 Mar. 14, T. H. S. 13—B. H. S. 20.  
 Mar. 21, T. H. S. 12—O. A. H. S. 28.  
 Mar. 28, T. H. S. 11—O. A. H. S. 14.  
 Apr. 3, T. H. S. 0—B. H. S. 8.

Total scores:—

T. H. S. 105; Opponents, 125.

Average score:—

T. H. S. 11 2-3; Opponents, 13 8-9.

These results as a whole, are encouraging. If the team had had a few more strong and active High School boys to select players from, this report would have been considerably better.

The T. H. S. B. B. team in 1904 should be able to cope with their opponents much better than this year's team, because many High School boys are becoming interested in the game, and with a few additional men the '04 class should be able to set a high standard for coming teams.

A ROY MAC AUSLAND.



Although the cadets this year had \$88.10 left them, they have at present about \$400 on hand. The difference of which they have made this past year.

I'm the cock of the walk,  
 Give me credit,  
 The T. H. S. Stylus  
 I edit.  
 When my staff falls in line,  
 Beat your base-drums in time,  
 For I'm the rooster  
 Who'll head it.



## T. H. S. P. A.

During the year 1902, several boys of the class of 1903 made an effort to start a stamp club in the school. Their efforts were well rewarded, for its membership soon included nearly 30 boys from all the four classes. But the boys either lost interest in stamps, or were more interested in other matters, for it died an early death. While it did last, however, it was instrumental of good results in many ways. Approval sheets were circulated among the members, Philatelic magazines were subscribed for, meetings were held every two weeks, all of which was productive of much instruction and interest among the members.

At the beginning of last Fall an effort was made to again join the disbanded Association in vain. The stamp spirit was at a low ebb among a few who had been interested and has turned to other fields. But it seems a pity the school hasn't a stamp club, for the collecting of stamps can never be otherwise than instructive, interesting and profitable.

Let us hope that another Fall may see the T. H. S. P. A. again organized with renewed energy, and may it live a longer life than ours of 1903.

## CLASS ODE.

As the setting sun at evening  
Leaves the clouds tinged gold and gray;  
As the rosy-fingered morning  
Pales within the glare of day;  
So our peaceful, happy school-days  
Soon, perchance, must pass away,  
Leaving tender, fragrant memories  
Of these hours of toil and play.

Castles in our dreams constructed  
May in shattered ruins lie,  
Lost among life's real duties,  
As the passing years go by;  
Should our way be filled with brightness,  
Or should clouds obscure our sky,  
Memories of our happy school-days  
Will remain with us for aye.

FRANCES J. WEBSTER.



## In Memoriam.

ALICE M. CONATY,

OCTOBER, 1900.

*Class of '03.*

George A. Crane, President.

Ray Farnsworth, Vice President.

Nellie B. Lincoln, Sec'y and Treasurer.

Cordelia H. Chase.  
 Faustine Chase.  
 Caroline A. Couch.  
 Blanche M. Crapo.  
 Florence R. Cushman.  
 Bessie E. Dean.  
 Marion M. Fournier.  
 Sybil L. Francis.  
 Mary E. Galvin.  
 E. Olive Grant.  
 Ethel V. Grant.  
 Nellie M. Harvey.  
 Marion K. Haslam.  
 Lena M. Keefe.  
 Ruth D. Kent.  
 Olive E. Leavitt.  
 Esther F. Leonard.  
 Dora E. Lincoln.  
 Josephine V. McNamara.  
 Lena F. Magee.  
 Mary A. Murphy.  
 Mary A. Nevins.  
 Bertha Oldroyd.  
 Marian Perkins.  
 Helen G. Perry.  
 Georgia H. Raymond.  
 Katherine L. Sullivan.

Maude P. Thayer.  
 Flora M. Thresher.  
 Frances J. Webster.  
 Zora C. Wheeler.  
 Frances B. White.  
 Mabel M. White.  
 Mary E. White.  
 C. May Whitmore.  
 Frank E. Baker.  
 Frank G. Burt.  
 Arnold T. Dean.  
 Charles  
 P

Frank A.  
 Ronald  
 Louis Leach.  
 Frank I. Manter.  
 Wm. H. Martin.  
 A. Roy McAusland.  
 Timothy F. O'Brien.  
 John A. Owens.  
 Ernest C. Read.  
 Herbert L. Swift.  
 Edward H. Temple, Jr.  
 Harold A. Walker.

## HONORS.

Frances B. White—Valedictorian.  
 Mary A. Murphy—Salutatorian.  
 George A. Crane.  
 Arnold T. Dean.  
 W. Henry Martin.  
 Marion Perkins.  
 Maud P. Thayer.  
 Bessie E. Dean.

## Declamation.

Charles S. Eddy.  
 Georgia H. Raymond.  
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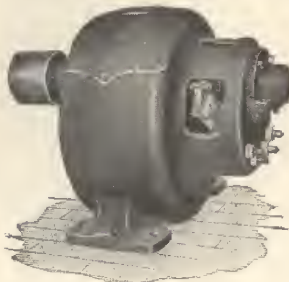


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Rooms 2-4 Telephone Bldg.  
Telephone 249-13.

ALAN M. DEAN,  
Attorney at Law.  
Crocker Building.



Attorney at Law.  
Crocker Building.

Taunton, Mass.

### Our Wrongs.

When girls are babies  
Their mammas quite insist  
That they by us  
Against our will  
Be kissed—kissed—kissed.

But when those girls  
Are sweet eighteen,  
Their mammas say we shan't  
And though we'd like to kiss them  
We can't—can't—can't.  
—Selected.

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Do you hear the ocean moaning,  
Ever moaning sad and low?  
'Tis because that fat old bather  
Stepped upon its undertow.

—Selected.

---

### **Heard in Solid.**

Prof.—The flue of a certain chimney has  
the dimensions ———

Soph.—Which way does the flue run?

Prof.—Oh, the flue runs along the ground,  
and the chimney goes up in the air.

---

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## REPORT OF THE

?

During the Spring of the current year there has been a secret Society formed among some of the students of the High School, and owing to the lightness of initiation fees, it has greatly increased in membership, until today it includes some of the best quality in the class. A few girls have been admitted, but owing to the trouble of securing emblems, together with their cost, only a small number are as yet full-fledged members.

The influence which this Society has exerted is very great. It has done much in the way of fostering class spirit, and it is horrible to think what a failure athletics and dances would have been had it not been for this important Society.

And now, as we are about to leave, we hope that those who fill our places will take up this work and carry it on, using our name as a motto, and our knowledge. We also hope that the ties which bind us graduates to this Society may never be broken.

REPORT OF SECRETARY OF S. H. C. E.

## APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

"Here, see a few of the unpleasantest words that ever dictated paper."

—EXAMS.

"The last link is broken  
That bound me to thee."

—THE GRADUATE.

"Distance lends enchantment."

—THE SEMI-CHORUS.

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."

—H. A. WALKER.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

—PRIZE DRILL.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

—JOURNAL ED.

"I think too little, and who talks too much."

—'06.

"I do not know the air too much with your feet."

—THE GRADUATION SPEAKERS.

"I always ye have with you."

—'04.

"I am now he vill talk."

—MARTIN.

## SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DEN-MARK.

Last January the treasurer of last year's staff of the Stylus paid over to the present management \$47.53, the entire profits of the paper since its establishment as a school monthly. The staff of that year had not had an opportunity to call a meeting and decide as to the form that the profits should be presented to the school, so had decided to leave it to next year's staff to make the gift. And they did; a picture costing in the vicinity of \$20 was given in the Spring, and where the other \$27 was going interested the few remaining one's of last year's staff, but they kept mum and decided to wait and see. What did become of it you all know. They added it to the profits which they had wrung from the unwary advertiser, and divided it up, leaving a small sum for next year's staff, or for themselves, for only a very small number are in the graduating class.

We members of the staff of the Stylus of 1901-1902, lay bare these facts for future classes to peruse, that they may profit by our experience. We leave it to our advertisers, who thought they were supporting a High School monthly, and to the contributors, without which the Stylus would have been impossible, to decide whether or not we are justified in our resentment.

THE STAFF OF 1901-'02.

Three male graduates among the honored few,  
One pleaded bashfulness, and then there were two.

Two male graduates, essays not begun,  
One pleaded laziness, and then there was but one.

One male graduate, who wouldn't be outdone,  
He pleaded loneliness, and then there was none.

Notice!—Harold Walker was seen talking with a girl, May 17!

Miss Nevins, '03, has written the music for the Class Ode, to be sung on graduation day.

The first-class census embraces 35 girls.  
How would you like to be the census?

Prof.—What made you late this morning?  
Student—I didn't get here in time.

A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.—THE STYLUS.

In name only is he A. Dean,

---

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